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**GRAUSTARK**

... By ...

**GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON**

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"Don't give up before you've tried. If these people live in such a place, why, it is to be found, of course. Any railroad guidebook can locate this land of mystery. There are so many internal little kingdoms and principalities over here that it would take a lifetime to get 'em all straightened out in one's head. Tomorrow morning we will go to one of the big railway stations and make inquiries. We'll locate Graustark, and then we'll go over and pluck the flower that grows there. All you need, my boy, is a manager. I'll do the arranging, and your little act will be the plucking."

"Easier said than done."

"She threw a kiss to you, didn't she?"

"Certainly, but, confound it, that was because she never expected to see me again."

"Same reason why you threw a kiss to her, I suppose."

"I know why; I wasn't accountable."

"Well, if she did it any more wittingly than you did she is accountable, and I'd hunt her up and demand an explanation."

Lorry laughed at his apparent fervor, but was glad that he had confided in his energetic countryman. Two heads were better than one, and he was forced to admit to himself that he rather liked the idea of company in the undertaking; not that he expected to encounter any particular difficulty, but that he saw a strange loneliness ahead; therefore he welcomed his friend's avowed intention to accompany him to Edelweiss as a relief instead of an annoyance. Until late in the night they discussed the coming trip, Anguish finally startling him with a question just as he was stretching himself preparatory to the walk to his hotel.

"What are you going to do with her after you find her, Green, old man?"

Greenfall's brow puckered, and he brought himself up with a jerk, puzzled uncertainty expressing itself in his posture as well as in his face.

"I'll think about that after I have found her," he replied.

"Think you'll marry her?" persisted the other.

"How do I know?" exclaimed the woman hunter savagely.

"Oh, of course you don't know. How could you?" apologized Anguish. "Maybe she won't have you; maybe she is married—all sorts of contingencies, you know. But, if you'll pardon my inquisitiveness, I'd like to ask why you are making this wild goose chase half around the world—just to have another look at her?"

"You asked me if I thought"—Here he stopped.

"I take it for granted, then, that you'd like to. Well, I'm glad that I've got something definite on which to base operations. The one object of our endeavors from now on is to exchange Guggenlocker for Lorry—certainly no robbery; a charity, I should say. Good night; see you in the morning."

The next morning the two friends took a cab to several railway stations and inquired about Graustark and Edelweiss.

"She was stringing you, old man," said Anguish after they had turned away from the third station. He spoke commiseratingly, as he really felt sorry.

"No!" exclaimed Lorry. "She told me the truth. There is a Graustark, and she lives there. I'll stake my life on those eyes of hers."

"Are you sure she said it was in Europe?" asked Harry, looking up and down the street as if he would not have been surprised to see her in Paris. In his heart he believed that she and her precious relatives had deceived old Gen. Perhaps their home was in Paris and nowhere else. But for Lorry's positiveness he would have laughed heartily at the other's simple credulity or branded him a dolt, the victim of some merry actress' whim. Still he was forced to admit he was not in a position to see matters as they appeared and was charitable enough to hide his time and to humor the faith that was leading them from place to place in the effort to find a land that they knew nothing about.

Lorry seemed so sure, so positive, that he was loath to see his dream dispelled, his ideal shattered. There was certainly no Graustark. Neither had the Guggenlockers sailed on the Wilhelm, all apparent evidence to the contrary notwithstanding. Lorry had been in a delirium and had imagined he saw her on the ship. If there, why was not her name in the list? But that problem tortured the sanguine searcher himself.

At last, in despair, after a fruitless search of two days Lorry was willing to submit. With the perverseness common to half hearted fighters Anguish at once protested, forgetting that he had sought to dissuade his friend the day before.

"We'll go to the library of Paris and take a look through the books and maps," he said. "Or, better still, let us go to the postoffice. There! Why have we not thought of that? What there is of Graustark they'll know in the postal service."

Together they visited the chief post-office, where, after being directed to various deputies and clerks, they at length found the department in which the information was obtainable. Inside of five minutes they were in pos-

session of facts that vindicated Miss Guggenlocker, lifted Lorry to the seventh heaven of impatience. Graustark was a small principality away off to the east, and Edelweiss was a city of some 75,000 inhabitants, according to the postal guidebook.

The Americans could learn no more there, so they went to Baedeker's office. Here they found a great map, and, after a diligent and almost microscopic search, succeeded in discovering the principality of Graustark. Then they looked at each other in dismay.

"It's a devil of a distance to that little red blot on the map," mused Lorry, pulling his nose reflectively. "What an outlandish place for a girl like her to live in," he continued. "And that sweet faced old lady and noble Uncle Caspar! Ye gods, one would think barbarians existed there and not such people as the Guggenlockers, refined, cultivated, smart, rich! I'm more interested than ever in the place."

"So am I! I'm willing and ready to make the trip, old man, if you are still of a mind. It's a lark, and, besides, she may not be the only pretty and gracious girl there. We've had hard work to find it on the map, let's not stop till we see Edelweiss on the earth itself."

They made hasty preparations for the journey. Anguish, romantic and full of adventure, advised the purchase of a pair of pistols and a knife apiece, maintaining that as they were going into an unknown and mountainous region they should be prepared for brigands and other elements of danger. Lorry poolpoohed the suggestion of brigands, but indulged his mood by buying some ugly looking revolvers and inviting the prospect of something really thrilling in the way of an adventure. With their traps they were soon whirling through France, bound for a certain great city on the road to Edelweiss, one filled with excitement, eagerness and boyish zeal, the other harassed by the somber fear that a grave disappointment was in store for him.

After all, who was Miss Guggenlocker—brewer, baker, gardener or sausage maker?

Traveling of course was pleasant at this time of the year, and the two Americans saw much that interested them along the way. Their French, especially Anguish's, was of great value to them, for they found occasion to use it at all times and in all places. Both spoke German fairly well and took every opportunity to brush up in that language. Lorry remembering that the Guggenlockers used many expressions that showed a preference for the Teutonic. The blithe Anguish, confident and in high feather, was hearty and soul in the odd expedition of love and talked incessantly of their reception by the faraway hostess, their impressions and the final result. His camera and sketching materials were packed away with his traps. It was his avowed intention to immortalize the trip by means of plate, palette and brush.

At the end of two days they reached a certain large city, the first change, and then 700 miles to another. The distance from this point to the capital of Graustark was 200 miles or more, chiefly through mountainous lands. Somewhat elated by the cheerful information there received, they resumed the journey to Edelweiss, the city of vale, slope and park—summer, fall and winter. Changing cars at the end of the second day out, they sat back in the dusty seats of their carriage and sighed with relief.

"Unless we jump the track this train will land us in the city we are looking for," said Anguish, stretching out his legs comfortably. "I'll admit it has been a tiresome journey, and I'll be glad when we can step into a decent hotel, have a rub and feel like white men once more. I am beginning to feel like these dirty Slavs and Huns we saw 'way back there."

"There's one thing certain," said Lorry, looking out of the window. "The people and the habitations are different and the whole world seems changed since we left that station. Look at those fellows on horseback over there."

"What did I tell you about brigands and robbers?" exclaimed Anguish. "If those fellows are not bandits, I'll lose faith in every novel I ever read."

The train rolled slowly past three mounted men whose steeds stood like statues upon a little knoll to the right of the track, men and beasts engaged in silent contemplation of the cars. The men, picturesquely attired and looking fierce, carrying long rifles, certainly bore an aspect that suggested the brigand. When the guard entered the carriage, Anguish asked in German for some information concerning the riders.

"They're frontier police guards," responded the man in English, smiling at their astonishment. Both Americans rose and shook hands with him.

"By George, it's good to hear a man talk white man's language," cried Anguish.

"How do you come to be holding a job on this road? An Englishman?" demanded Lorry. He looked anything but English.

"I'm not an Englishman," said the guard, fushing slightly. "My name's Sitzky, an' I'm an American, sir."

"An American!" exclaimed Lorry.

Sitzky grew loquacious.

"Sure! I used to be a sailor on a United States man-o'-war. A couple of years ago I got into trouble down at Constantinople an' had to get out of de service. After dat I drifted up dis way and went to railroadin'." He hadn't exactly the manner of a man-o'-warman.

"How long have you been on this road?" asked Greenfall.

"Bout a year, I should t'ink. Been on dis branch only two months, dough."

"Are you pretty well acquainted in Edelweiss?"

"Oh, I run in dere every other day—in an' out ag'in. It's a fine place—puriest you ever saw in your life. The town runs right up the mountain to the tiptop, where the monks are—clear up in de clouds. Dey say it snows up dere almost all de time."

Later on from the loquacious guard the two Americans learned quite a good bit about the country and city to which they were going. His knowledge was somewhat limited along certain lines, but quite clear as to others.

"Dis Graustark, 's fer as I know, is eeder a sort o' state or somethin' belongin' to de empire, governed by its own rulers. Edelweiss is de capital; de big guns of de land lives dere. I've walked out an' saw de castle where de princess an' de royalty hangs out. De people speak a language of deir own, and I can't get next to a t'ing dey say. But once in awhile you find some guy dat talks French or German. Dey've got a little standin' army of two t'ree t'ousand men, an' dey've got de hottest uniforms you ever did see—red an' black an' gold. I don't see why de United States can't get up somethin' foxy fer her soldiers to wear. Had a war over here not long ago, I understand—somethin' like ten or fifteen years ago. Dere's another little country up north of Graustark, an' dey got in a wrangle 'bout somethin', an' dey tell me in Edelweiss dat for 'bout a year dey fought like Sam Patch."

"Which was victorious?" demanded Lorry, deeply interested.

"I'm not sure. To hear de Edelweiss people talk you'd t'ink dey licked de daylight out of de other slob, but somehow I got next to de fact dat dem other fellows captured de city an' went after a slashin' big war indemnity. I don't know much 'bout it, an' maybe I'm clear off, but I t'ink de Graustark army was trashed. Everyt'ing is prosperous now, dough, an' you'd never know dere'd been a war. It's de most peaceable town I ever saw."

"Did you ever hear of the Guggenlockers?" asked the irrepressible Anguish, and Lorry felt like kicking him.

"In Edelweiss? Never did. Friends of yours?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**INCENDIARIES SUSPECTED**

**MYSTERIOUS FIRES AT FULTON AROUSE SUSPICION.**

Fulton, June 3.—It is believed that incendiaries tried to get in their work here night before last. The coal shed at the rear of the Beasley building, formerly occupied by Nichols & Stegg, was set on fire by an unknown person and the entire Beasley block would likely have been destroyed had it not been discovered by George Osborne, who was passing by.

Previous to this blaze, about 1:30 o'clock, fire was discovered in the rooms over L. E. Clann's grocery in South Fulton. Tom Wingo, a clerk in the grocery, who was sleeping in one of the rooms, had a narrow escape for his life.

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Mr. J. W. Clark, a well known farmer of Marshall county, was coming to the city yesterday afternoon and when he reached Epperson his team started running away down a steep hill. He attempted to jump and was thrown violently to the ground and his face was badly skinned and his back was injured. He came on to the city and secured medical treatment and was able to return home today.

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